Split Second Place

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Split Second Place

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

How much would you pay to relieve yourself of your bad memories, even if only for a little while?

Notes

I'm funny as fuck for that title if you know you know arararararar I'm so fucking funny

I'm sorry yuri nation

ANYWAYS ANYWAYS I KNOW THIS IS LIKE THE MOST CHUD SOUNDING FIC EVER

"Jungle pocket cheats on tachyon with trainer"

ITS FEM TRAINER OKAY

IM NOT A CHUD J SWEAR I PROMISE ITS JUST BECAUSE IM FUCKED UP AND EVIL PKAY THE TRAINER DOESNT EVEN GET TO BE HAPPY OKAY I MADE THEM MISERABKE AND SAD ITS ALSO NOT MY CUCK FANTASY EITHER SK CHILL ON ME

Regardless yeah a good idea I had with some other friends and got enough insight for it to write it out.

I know I said smut break but when I get a good idea I just have to do it my fucking brain doesn't work I'm sorry

REGARDLESS

I love making people sad and upset and teehee

Tmasc pokke put it in me I can take it.

Deadass though if I was his trainer I would abuse the shit out of pokke deadass on my life he would be scared to be in the same building as me he should flinch when he hears my voice

Stupid twink

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

You sat there. Well you've been sitting here. For quite a while actually. Eyes terribly adjusted to the lights of your Tracen Academy office. They were low and soft, dialed down by your choice, but it didn't really soothe you in sharp contrast to the chaotic storm brewing in your chest.

You stared at the stack of training logs and registration forms, your pen hovering over a signature line for what felt like an eternity.

The ink pooled into a dark, ragged blotch. It was just like everything else lately—messy and ruined.

It had been weeks since the breakup, yet the "fairness" of it still gnawed at you. How could years of shared history just evaporate into a cold, five-minute conversation? You could still smell their shampoo if you closed your eyes; you could still feel the phantom weight of a hand that was no longer yours to hold. You were a Trainer—you were supposed to be the steady hand, the cool head, the one who navigated the stormy temperaments of Tokyo's fastest girls. But here you were, drowning in a sea of paperwork and self-pity.

BANG.

The heavy oak door to your office opened with great force.

"YO! Partner! Guess who got out of Ethics class early because the teacher couldn't handle me in the front row?"

Jungle Pocket strutted his way into the room, hands behind his head, elbows wide out. Even in the relatively spacious office, he seemed to take up quite a bit of the oxygen. He was a towering presence, his wild hair clearly ungroomed, his tail snapping behind him sporadically.

"Pokke," you breathed, quickly wiping at your eyes and forcing a smile that felt brittle. "You're early. I wasn't expecting you for another hour."

He paused, his sharp ears swiveling forward. He didn't miss the way your voice cracked. His boisterous grin faltered for a fraction of a second, replaced by that look—the one that saw right through your 'I'm fine' mask. He walked over, his track shoes thudding on the carpet, and leaned over your desk.

"Yeah, well, the universe knew I was starvin'," he said, though his tone

was softer than usual. He reached out, his large, calloused hand hovering near your shoulder before she gave you a playful, slightly-too-strong shove. "You're still mopin', ain't ya? You look terrible."

"I have a lot on my mind, Pocket," you sighed, leaning back in your chair. "Did you need something? A training schedule change?"

Pokke shifted his weight, his boots scuffing the floor. The bravado dimmed, replaced by a restless, guilty sort of energy. He wouldn't look you in the eye.

"Look, uh... Tachyon. She's been cooped up in that lab for three days straight. She's startin' to smell like… I don't even know," Pokke muttered, rubbing the back of his neck. "I wanted to take her out, ya know? There's that new cafe place by the station—the real popular one, yeah? I was just thinking it'd help get her out of her head."

He hesitated, his ears pinning back slightly. "But, uh... I'm tapped out. Spent the last of my allowance on some stuff." He finally looked at you, his eyes full of a visible desperation. "I was hopin'—since we're ahead of schedule and all—maybe we could... y'know. Do that thing again? I could really use the cash right now, and y'know you..."

Your heart sank. You knew exactly what he was suggesting. "Pokke... no. We talked about this. It was a mistake the first time, and it's a bigger mistake now."

"H-huh? Why?!" He barked, her voice rising with typical impulsiveness. He placed his hands onto the desk—not super violently, but enough to make the pens dance. "It helps both of us!"

"It's not right," you whispered, looking up at him. "You have Tachyon. You're doing this for her, but you're doing it with me. It's messy, and it's going to hurt someone."

Pokke leaned down, his face inches from yours. You could smell the faint scent of sweat that always clung to him. "It ain't hurtin' nobody if they don't know," he spoke, his voice dropping a little lower. "And I'm the one decidin' what's right for me. I can handle a little guilt if it means you stop lookin' so damn lonely."

He reached out, his fingers latching onto your shoulders, surprisingly gentle for someone who spent his days crushing turf. "C'mon. Just an hour. A—a 'session.' I'll be whatever you need—a shoulder, a distraction, whatever. Just help me out, Partner. I can't show up to Tachyon empty-handed."

You looked at him—this massive, stubborn, fiercely loyal girl—and felt your resolve crumbling. The silence of your apartment loomed in your mind, and the warmth of his hand was the only real thing in the room.

"Just an hour?" you asked, your voice barely audible.

Pokke’s grin returned, sharp and triumphant. "Whatever you need me to."

He didn't even give the illusion that it’s not what he was hoping for, not pulling away for even a second; instead, his large hand moving from your jaw to cup the side of your head. His thumb brushed over your cheekbone with a tenderness that felt dangerously out of place on him.

"Look at you," he murmured, her voice losing its brassy edge. "You’re practically shaking all the time. You’ve been walkin' around like this for weeks, Partner. Think I don't see it? Think I don't notice when you’re starin' at your phone hopin' for a text that ain't comin'?"

You looked down, unable to meet that piercing amber gaze. "It’s just... it’s hard, Pokke. Coming home to nothing. No one to talk to about my day, no one to... just be there." The admission felt pathetic, a leak in a dam that was already bursting. You missed the weight of another person, the simple, quiet intimacy of being known.

Pokke let out a low, frustrated huff, his tail thumping once against the side of your desk. "It pisses me off," he growled, his grip tightening just a fraction—not enough to hurt, he tried to be conscious about that.

"You’re the one who helped me get into Tracen. You’re the one who deals with my bullshit every day. You shouldn't be feelin' like some discarded scrap. It makes me wanna go find that guy and—" he cut himself off, his teeth clicking together.

"You can't fix this with a headlock, Pocket," you whispered with a wet laugh.

"Maybe not," he countered, leaning even closer until his forehead was almost touching yours. "But I can fix the quiet part. I'm right here, ain't I? I’m big, I’m loud, and I’m the best thing happenin' in this academy. If you’re missin’ that... that closeness... let me give it to you. I need that cash for Tachyon, yeah, but I also can't stand seein' my partner rot away in this chair."

He saw you waver, the way your breath hitched. His eyes narrowed, focused and intense. "I'll make it good for you. I—I promise. No bad feelings, no memories—just… just us yeah? It's just a trade. Business. But I'll be the best damn business partner you've ever had."

You bit your lip, your heart hammering against your ribs like a trapped bird. The logic was flawed, the morality was gray at best, but the loneliness was a physical ache that Pokke's heat was already starting to soothe.

"Okay," you breathed, the word feeling like a surrender. "Okay, but... just small stuff, Pokke. Nothing crazy. No... no romance. Just... comfort. We keep it chaste. We're still friends."

"Yeah, yeah, of course, whatever you want," he said, though the grin that spread across her face was anything but. It looked so… forced.

Before you could add another condition though, he reached down and grabbed your hands, his fingers enveloping yours. With a sudden, explosive burst of strength, he pulled you straight up out of your chair. You gasped, stumbling forward into his chest as he hauled you into a massive, crushing hug.

It was like being hit by a warm wall of muscle. His arms wrapped around your waist and shoulders, lifting you slightly off your feet so your head was tucked right under his chin. You could feel the thudding rhythm of his heart—a powerful, steady beat that felt like a lifeline. He smelled… nice.

For a second, you were frozen in shock. But then, the sheer scale of him—the feeling of being completely enveloped and protected by someone so much stronger than you—broke the last of your defenses. Your hands came up, clutching at the back of his hoodie, and you buried your face into the crook of his neck.

"There we go," Pokke rumbled, the vibration of his chest echoing through your own ribs. He squeezed you tighter, her tail wrapping loosely around your calf in a small curl. "See? I told ya. I gotcha, Partner."

All you could hear was the thrum of Pokke's heart against your ear. For a long time, neither of you moved. He just held you, his large hands splayed across your back, anchoring you to the present moment. It was a strange, intoxicating sensation—being swallowed whole by the presence of something so much larger but was currently choosing to be your shield.

"Better, right?" He murmured. "Can't think about the past when I'm squishin' the air out of ya."

He didn't wait for an answer. With an awkward, powerful shift of his weight, he steered you toward the small, worn leather couch in the corner of your office.

He sat down first, taking up more than half the space, and practically pulled you into his lap. You didn't resist. You let your legs drape over his, your face burying deep into the soft fabric of his oversized hoodie. It smelled like him—a heady mix of the outdoors and a faint, sweet hint of parfait.

"Talk to me," he spoke softly, his hand beginning a slow, steady stroke from the nape of your neck down to the small of your back. "Whatever's rattling around in that head of yours. Just spit it out."

And you did. The words came out in a disjointed, muffled stream against his chest—how the silence at home felt miserable, how you hated that you still checked your phone for a name that would never pop up again, how unfair it felt to be the one left holding the debris. Pokke listened with a patience he never showed on the track. He didn't interrupt with his usual rhetoric. He just let out low, affirmative grunts, his chin resting on top of your head.

But as the minutes ticked by, the nature of the "chaste" comfort began to shift.

Pokke's touch grew a little more deliberate, but you could feel the hesitancy in it. His hands didn't just stay on your back; it slid lower, his fingers pinching firmly into the waistband of your pants, slowly pulling your hips flush against the hard muscle of his thigh. The proximity was staggering. You could feel every curve of his build, the heat radiating off him in waves that made the air feel thick.

You knew this feeling. You remembered the last time—the way his breath had hitched just like it was doing now, the way his tail had weaved around your ankle as if he were afraid you'd bolt. A sharp pang of guilt pierced through the fog of your grief. Tachyon. Somewhere in a lab, that brilliant, eccentric girl was waiting for her partner, completely unaware that Pokke was currently acting as an emotional—and increasingly physical—crutch for someone else.

You could feel the guilt radiating off Pokke, too. His movements were slightly forced, a little too intense, as if he were trying to drown out his own conscience with the sensation of skin on skin. His heart was

racing now, a frantic, galloping rhythm that betrayed his attempts at a "purely business" facade.

"Pokke..." you whispered, your fingers curling into his hoodie, feeling the fabric bunch under your grip. "We shouldn't... this is getting..."

"Don't," he said a little too fast, though there was no anger in it, only a raw, jagged edge of desperation. He shifted, his other arm coiling around your waist to pull you even higher against him. He buried his face in the crook of your neck, his hot breath ghosting over your collarbone. "Don't. Just... stay, please. You need this. And I need... I need to do this for you."

You knew it was a lie. You knew he was using the trade to justify the way the way he was currently mapping the curve of your side with her palm. But God, the intimacy was like water to a person dying of thirst. You were selfish. You wanted to be held, you wanted to be wanted, and right now, it was everything you were missing.

So, you closed your eyes and let the guilt settle in the back of your mind, right next to the heartbreak. You let yourself sink into him, ignoring the way his touch was becoming less like a friend’s and more like a lover’s.

But you did it, until the guilt was felt like it was miles away, nothing but a small, cold lump in your gut, one that was being rapidly incinerated by the sheer volume of heat radiating from the girl holding you. You stopped fighting the urge to just melt; instead, you collapsed against him, your fingers sliding up into the thick, wild locks of his hair, pulling him closer as a shaky, uneven breath escaped your lips.

"You… good?" Pokke mumbled, his voice a trying to be comforting. "Whatever you’re feelin, it’s okay."

His hands became restless. One palm slid firmly back up the small of your back, pressing you so tight against his chest that you could feel the individual ribs. His other hand found your hip, his fingers digging in with a possessive strength that left no room for second-guessing.

Then, he moved. His face slid from your shoulder, his nose trailing along the sensitive line of your tendon until he reached the crook of your neck. He inhaled deeply, his ears twitching as she took in your scent. Without warning, he didn't just nuzzle—he pressed his lips to the soft skin of your throat and bit.

"Ngh—Pokke, wait—" you gasped, your head snapping back. The sting of his teeth was sharp, a sudden jolt of electricity that bypassed your brain and went straight to your nerves. "You shouldn't... don't leave a mark..."

"Shut up," he breathed against your skin, ignoring the protest entirely. He did it again, harder this time, his teeth scraping against you before his tongue followed to soothe the ache.

A traitorous moan caught in your throat, muffled by the silence of the room. Your resolve didn't just crumble; it turned to ash. The heartbreak that had been hollowed out inside you was being filled with something hot and heavy. You found yourself reciprocating, your body acting on a hunger you had tried so hard to starve. Subconsciously, your hips shifted, grinding down into the hard muscle of his lap as you sought more of that friction, more of that grounding weight.

Pokke let out a sharp, jagged hiss of air through his teeth at the contact. The facade almost dropping completely, replaced by a raw, impulsive need that was purely Jungle Pocket. He began to trail a line of hot, wet kisses up toward your ear, punctuating each one with a nip of her teeth that made your toes curl.

"You like this, right?" he muttered, his breath hot against your earlobe. His hand on your hip tightened, her thumb stroking the curve of your bone with an intensity that made your head spin. "You're shakin' a lot, Trainer. Forget about her, please. Please… just focus on me."

The mention of that—of Tachyon—sent a final, weak flicker of shame through you, but it was drowned out by the way Pokke's arm was now coiled tightly around your waist, pulling you into him as if he were trying to merge your bodies into one. You were drowning. You leaned your head back, exposing your throat to him, and let out a soft, broken sound as you surrendered completely to the feeling.

Pokke didn't hesitate. With a grunt of effort, he shifted, his arms hooking under your thighs and hoisting you back. You felt the air rush past as she pinned you down against the couch, looming over you like a mountain of pure, restless need. He was panting now, his golden eyes blown wide with a predatory focus, sweat beading along his forehead and dripping onto your collarbone.

He reached for the hem of his hoodie, ripping it over his head in one

fluid motion and tossing it blindly across the room. Beneath, he wore only a tight black chest binder that strained against his broad shoulders and the heavy rise and fall of his chest. His tail was lashing behind him, a blur of motion that spoke to the absolute lack of restraint he had left.

"You're so desperate," he growled, his voice a low, gravelly rasp. "I can feel it. You're practically screamin' for me to do somethin about it."

He didn't wait for an answer. His hands were on your waist, his fingers fumbling with your belt and zipper with an urgency that bordered on violent. You didn't fight him; you lifted your hips, a soft, needy whimper escaping your throat as you helped him slide the fabric down your legs. The cool air hit your skin for only a second before Pokke was there, forcing his way between your knees, his heavy thighs prying you open and anchoring you to the cushions.

He reached for his own waistband, his breathing coming in jagged, staccato bursts. When he finally freed himself, the sight of him—thick, throbbing, and slick with pre-cum—made your breath hitch. He was big, and he looked ready to snap.

"Look at me, Partner," he commanded, his voice dropping to a dangerous level.

He didn't go in yet. Instead, he pressed the hot, velvet length of himself directly against you, grinding down. The sensation was electric—the friction of his sex sliding against yours, mixing your fluids into a messy, slick heat that smeared across your inner thighs. You let out a moan, your head thumping back against the armrest as you arched into the contact, your hands reaching up to claw at his shoulders, needing the grounding weight of him.

"Pokke... please," you choked out, your dignity long since abandoned.

"Yeah," she hissed, her teeth bared in a feral grin. "Yeah, I got you."

He gripped the base of himself, guiding the tip toward your opening. He didn't go slow. With one powerful, unrelenting thrust of his hips, he buried himself deep inside you.

The fullness was staggering. It felt like she was reaching into the very center of your being, stretching you beyond your limits and filling the hollow ache that had been rotting in your chest for months. You let out a high, sharp cry, your legs instantly locking around his waist to pull her even deeper.

Pokke let out a loud huff of satisfaction, his hands slamming down onto the couch on either side of your head. Starting to move.

The slow, heavy rhythm of Pokke's hips was a calculated torture. He was being uncharacteristically mindful, his large hands cupping your face, his thumbs wiping away the stray tears of frustration and relief that leaked from your eyes. Each time he slid deep into you, he'd pause, letting the incredible fullness of him settle, watching your expression with a mix of fierce pride and genuine concern.

"You're doin' so good, Partner," he rumbled, his voice vibrating through your entire body. "Just breathe. I'm right here. I'm fillin' you all up, ain't I?"

"Please, Pokke... more... don't stop," you whimpered, your fingers digging into the hard muscle of his deltoids. The "business" aspect was a distant memory; you were clinging to him like a lifeline. "I love you... I love you... please keep going."

A flicker of something complicated crossed his face—guilt, maybe, or a surge of ego—but he didn't slow down. If anything, he began to pick up the pace, his breathing turning into a small growl. He was getting off on your need, his frame shuddering with every wet, heavy thrust that sent the couch sliding an inch across the office floor. You were right on the edge, the tension building in your lower belly into a tight, screaming knot of white-hot pleasure.

DING.

The sharp, loud chime of a phone notification sliced through the tension.

Pokke froze. His ears shot upright, twitching toward the sound. "Tch... ignore it," he muttered, trying to find his rhythm again, but then it chimed again. And again.

"Dammit!" He pulled back just enough to fish his phone out of her discarded pants on the floor. His eyes widened as he read the screen. "Shit! Tachyon! She's out of the lab early—she's already waitin' for me!"

The sudden coldness was jarring. Before your brain could even process the words, the warmth was ripped out of you. Pokke let out a frustrated, pained hiss as he pulled out, his dick still painfully hard and glistening, twitching with the interrupted momentum.

"Pokke, no... wait, I'm almost—" You reached for him, your voice a pathetic, high-pitched whine. Your body was screaming, your nerves raw and pulsing, left completely hanging at the finish line.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" He was a blur of frantic motion, his face reflecting his panicked scramble. He struggled to shove his massive, throbbing erection back into his underwear, cursing under his breath as he hopped on one leg to pull his pants up. "I totally lost track of time! If I'm late, she'll get suspicious, and I can't let her think I'm slackin'!"

You were left sprawled on the leather, your legs still wide and trembling, your skin flushed and slick with a mixture of both your fluids. The feeling of being unfinished was an actual physical ache, a heavy, throbbing pressure in your core that made you want to crawl after him.

"Trainer—hey, look at me," he said, leaning over you one last time as she yanked his hoodie back on, his hair a wild mess. He looked guilty, but the desperation to get to Tachyon was winning. "I gotta go. I gotta. The wallet—can I? Please?"

You could barely speak, your chest heaving as you stared up at the ceiling, trying to keep the sob of frustration back. "Wallet... on the desk... take it," you gasped, your voice broken and airy.

He didn't waste a second. He lunged for the desk, snatched a handful of yen notes, and shoved them into his pocket. He looked back at you once, seeing you lying there—wet, trembling, and utterly undone—and his expression softened for a fleeting second.

"You're the best, seriously! I'll make it up to you, I swear! Tell ya all about it tomorrow!"

With a final, apologetic wave, he bolted out the door, his shoes thundering down the hallway. The door slammed shut, leaving you in the sudden, deafening silence of the office, It pressed in on you, heavier than Pokke's was before, and far colder. You were left in the wreckage of the moment—the couch cushions still warm from her weight, the smell of his sweat lingering in the air like a taunt.

Your body was still screaming, a raw, unfinished pulse that throbbed between your thighs. It was a physical ache that demanded resolution, even as your heart felt like it was being hollowed out.

Trembling, you reached down. Your fingers were slick with the

evidence of what you'd just done—the messy mixture of your own arousal and the girl who was currently racing toward someone else. You closed your eyes tight, trying to conjure him back. You pictured the look of his eyes, the way his tail had coiled around your leg, the sheer, overwhelming power of him. You gripped your breast with one hand, kneading the sensitive skin as if trying to keep the ghost of his touch alive, while your other hand worked frantically to finish what he had started.

"Pokke..." you whimpered into the empty room.

You chased the peak with a desperate, pathetic kind of hunger. When it finally hit, it wasn't the glorious release you'd hoped for. It was a sharp, heavy explosion that left you gasping and arched against the leather, followed immediately by a crashing wave of nausea.

As the physical pleasure receded, the reality of the situation rushed back in to fill the void.

You lay there, naked and exposed on the office furniture, your skin cooling and becoming clammy in the climate-controlled air. The sticky reality of everything you had done was smeared across your thighs, a visceral reminder of exactly what you had sold for an hour of borrowed intimacy.

The shame was a physical weight. You had let him buy your comfort with the money he was now spending on another girl. You were a Trainer—you were supposed to guide him, to protect his future—and instead, you were hiding in your office, participating in a betrayal that would ruin everything if it ever came to light. You weren't just lonely; you were a shadow of the person you used to be, clinging to a girl who's future had no place for you in it.

A sob broke from your chest, harsh and ugly. You curled into a ball on the couch, burying your face in the crook of your arm. You cried for the relationship you'd lost, for the person you were becoming, and for the fact that you knew—deep down, with a sickening certainty—that the next time Pokke came knocking with a handful of excuses and a need for cash, you would open the door.

Eventually, the tears ran dry. You forced yourself to sit up, your muscles aching as you reached for the discarded tissues on your desk. You cleaned yourself up with robotic, numb movements, pulling your clothes back on and smoothing out the wrinkles. You had to get it together. You had to be a Trainer.

You sat back at your desk, the blotched signature on the registration form staring back at you. The room was exactly as it had been an hour ago, except for the missing bills in your wallet and the hollow, echoing ache in your chest that no amount of money or pretending could ever truly fill.

End Notes

I’m going to hell I’m sorry yuri nation

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